

It is not many years since an enforcement by the presses in England of the duties which the titled and wealthy classes of society owe to the poor and ignorant would have been looked upon as almost treasonable to the spirit of British institutions, and tending to sow far and wide the seeds of democracy and disorder. In England, and indeed in most countries of the old world, the masses of society were subject not only to deprivation of the privileges and powers conferred upon rank, but were looked upon as almost a different order of beings, between whom and the nobility there was not a single link of sympathy or of interest. A great change of feeling has since occurred, producing in France those social fermentations which have ended in bloodshed and crime, without affecting much melioration of the condition of the poor, but making a gradual and healthful progress in England, like seed falling into good ground. The following extract from that violent and periodical, Blackwood's Magazine, is highly significant of the progress of the cause of humanity in Great Britain, and may be read with advantage on this side of the water: [Wash. Republic.]

These are not the times when truth is to be withheld because it is disagreeable. There is a morality connected with wealth, its uses and abuses, not enough taught, certainly not enough understood. The rich man who will not learn that there is a duty inseparable from his riches, is no better fitted for the times that are coming down on us, than the poor man who has not learned that patience is a duty peculiarly imposed on him, and that the ruin of others, and the general panic which his violence may create, will inevitably add to the hardships and privations he has to endure. If society demands of the poor man that he endure the privations of his lot, rather than desperately bring down ruin upon all, himself included, surely society must also demand of the rich man that he make the best use possible of his wealth, so that his weaker brethren be not driven to madness and despair. It demands of him that he exert himself manfully for that safety of the whole in which he has so much more evident an interest. For, be it known, prescribe whatever remedy you will, political, moral or religious, that it is by securing a certain indispensable amount of well-being to the multitude of mankind that the only security can be found for the social fabric, for life, and property, and civilization. If men are allowed to sink into a wretchedness that savors of despair, it is in vain that you show them the ruins of the nation, and themselves involved in those ruins. What interest have they any longer in the preservation of your boasted state of civilization? What to them how soon it all be in ruin? You have lost all hold on them as reasonable beings. As well preach to the winds as to men thoroughly discontented. Those, therefore, to whom wealth or station, or intelligence, has given powers of any kind, must do their utmost to prevent large masses of mankind from sinking into this condition. If they will not learn this duty from the christian teaching of their church, they must learn it from the stern exposition of the economist and the politician.

## The Vatican.

The Vatican, which crowns one of the seven hills of Rome, is an assemblage of buildings, covering a space of 1,200 feet in length, and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built upon the very spot which was occupied by the gardens of Nero. It owes its origin to the bishops of Rome, who erected an humble residence on its site, in the early part of the sixth century. Pope Eugenius III. rebuilt it on a magnificent scale, about the year 1150. A few years afterwards, Innocent II gave it up as a lodging to Peter II. King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the papal see from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poet Petrarch, which was finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest repository in the world.

Its library was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles, Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings, composing the Vatican are filled with statues, painted beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the great masters, and with curious medals and antiques of almost every description. When it is known that there has been expended more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican.

## Fashionable Manners.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pink of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position, not a smile out of place and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy.—This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule and would reduce the whole human life to a wirebound system of misery and constraint. [Dr. Chalmers.]

SUGAR.—It is estimated that the exports of sugar from Cuba, for 1850, if nothing occurs to injure the crop between this and the early part of December, will be equal to 1,500,000 boxes, worth at present rates, (molasses included) about \$80,000,000. The largest crop ever exported hitherto, was in 1847, amounting to near 1,300,000 boxes; since which date, the cultivation has been increased, and the present season has been uncommonly good. [N. O. Bulletin.]

## The World.

The world is seldom what it seems  
To man who dimly sees:  
Realities seem as dreams,  
And dreams Realities.  
The Christian's years, tho' slow their flight,  
When he is called away,  
Are but the watches of a night,  
And death the dawn of day.

Mr. Calhoun contradicts the report that he is withdrawing from the U. S. Senate.

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## Poetry.

## From the Daily Sandusky.

## Escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven.

BY CHARLES G. M.

Now give way—give way—now for  
God and the Queen. [Sir Walter Scott.]The halls are all silent, and gloom is shrouding  
Both tower and turret in darkness now,  
The silver moon-beams gleam on the bright waters,  
And mirror in silver the mountain's dark brow,  
And the voice that chanted in gladness to cheer me,  
And strove my lone bosom with pleasure to fill  
Are gone, and no music is waiting to greet me,  
Save the murmuring streamlet that falls from the hill.The darkness grows deeper, and in the deep silence  
Of midnight I wait for the signal from far—  
That tells me friends are awaiting to greet me—  
They have come, and I am in peace or in war.  
O why do they linger when I am so lonely,  
And pining to breathe the free air of the glen?  
I feel like an eagle that's sighing in prison,  
To soar to its own mountain eyrie again.Hark! hark, they are coming, I hear them, I hear them—  
Joy, joy, for the captive from prison they free;  
And away from Lochleven they'll bear me,  
No more in my kingdom a captive to be.  
The chains that have bound me will quickly be broken,  
And the pride of the Douglas be humbled ere long.  
And Mary, the true-hearted, the true-hearted,  
That caused him to wish to Scotland's queen wrong.Haste, haste then, O! haste, for day is dawning,  
And the star of the morning is shining now,  
The gray mists of morning are wreathing the hill-tops;  
They are clanking majestic the Cheviot's brow.  
And the waves of Lochleven are dancing in gladness,  
As fairly tipped breezes sweep over their still;  
And they murmur their songs to the night winds so lonely  
That glide along swiftly o'er valley and hill.We are free! close the gates of the castle behind us,  
And throw their huge keys to the depths of the lake—  
Push off for the shore, for your lives are in danger,  
Least the foes of your monarch our bark overtake.  
Hark! the warbler is heard on the battlements calling  
His minions to arm our boats reach the shore—  
But 'tis vain to heed him, for your lives are in danger,  
For Scotland's queen pines in their prison no more.Once more on the shore of Lochleven I'm standing,  
Surrounded by kinsmen all glittering with steel;  
And my own noble prey is standing beside me,  
Still true to her mistress, tho' 'twas and through woe.  
And now o'er the heather all dew-decked I'm bounding,  
O'er the heather all dew-decked I'm bounding,  
For toils are behind us—the highlands before us,  
To shield us from Murray and Douglas' fierce wrath.

## Miscellaneous.

## Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At the recent Conference held at Dayton, the presiding officer, Bishop Waugh, alluding to the mortality by cholera in the vicinity, said:

"Some of your fathers, whose presence was hailed with delight, and whose counsels were so salutary at your annual assemblies, are gone. The interest they took in your deliberations, from time to time, and their deep devotion to every thing vital to the interests of the Church and the world, you have been permitted to see; but they have been called from the scenes of their labors and anxieties and are promoted to higher honors than the Church militant can give. Several of your young brethren have also been called away from your midst."

We may drop a tear of regret over their early departure from the scene of their toils, and we could have hoped for their longer stay on the walls of Zion, in zeal and fidelity to publish the glad tidings of peace and salvation to their fellow men;—but God who sees not as man sees, in the exercise of a providence too wise to err and too good to be unkind, has taken them to the society of the blest in heaven. One thought is suggestive of consolation to us all—they died at the post of duty—they fell where they were battling in the field of the Lord, among the hosts of Immanuel. Cherish for their bereaved and stricken families a Christian and ministerial sympathy.

The year of 1849 will long be remembered as a year of great affliction in the great valley of the west. The angel of Death has swept over its vast area, and thousands upon thousands have fallen as his victims. Our sister churches have also suffered in common with us, and we humbly trust our afflictions together will produce a chastened, religious influence upon all our hearts. Of those ministers who remained at their posts, but few have fallen, compared with the multitudes in other professions. There is one aspect which occasions joy and rejoicing in all our hearts, and that is, that all our ministerial brethren did stand at their posts in the hour of deadliest conflict, attending the sick and the dying, and the obsequies of the dead—ministering consolation to the departing spirit and healing the broken heart. These are men of the right stamp, and duly impressed with a sense of their high and holy vocation.

## Hebrew Legend.

"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is every where, and boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see him."

"God's presence is indeed every where," the Rabbi replied, "but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can behold his splendor."

The Emperor had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. "Well," answered the Rabbi, "suppose we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of his ambassadors?"

Trajan assented, and the Rabbi, leading him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him raise his eyes to the sun, shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The Emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it.

"I cannot," he said, "the light dazzles me."

"If then," rejoined the triumphant Rabbi, "thou art unable to endure the light of one of his creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?"

## No Night but hath its Morn.

There are times of deepest sorrow,  
When the heart feels lone and sad;  
Times when memory's spells of magic  
Have in gloom the spirit clad.  
Wouldst thou have a wand all potent  
To illumine life's darkest night?  
'Tis the thought that 'e'er in nature  
Darkest hours precede the light.When the world, cold, dark, and selfish,  
Frowns upon the feeble flame,  
Lighted from the torch of genius,  
Which has kindled round thy name,  
When the fondest hopes are blighted,  
And the dearest prospects fade,  
Think, Oh! lone one, scorned and slighted,  
Sunshine ever follows shade.

## From the Boston Herald.

## THE HEIR OF LINN.

BY W. J. SNELLING.

There is as beautiful a Scotch ballad by this title as I ever saw in my life; but it made a very strong impression upon me. As the ballad is not to be found I will endeavor to tell the story in plain prose.

The Laird of Linn, in Galway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland. Besides the lands and dwellings he had flocks and herds, and a good store of gold. Moreover, he was a man of frugal and parsimonious disposition, so that the man of Galway avoided his company, and the whole country-side cringed before him. Nevertheless, his riches grew and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what heaps of treasure he had snugly concealed.

The Laird of Linn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after his marriage. She left him one child, a son, who was the joy and plague of his existence. Though naturally of a noble and generous temper, he was wild, reckless and extravagant. Seeing and hearing his father ridiculed every day for his miserly temper and habits, he resolved at all events not to be like him, and spent all he could lay his hands on among low, dissipated companions, in drinking and riotous living.

So true it is that one extreme often produces the other. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him; he only grew worse as he grew older.

At last the Laird of Linn lay on his death bed. He had out-lived all his near relations, and he had no friends, so that he was obliged to leave all his substance to his son; and, beside, next to his gold, he loved his prodigal heir. Previous to his death he called the heir of Linn to his bed-side, and thus spoke:

"My son, when my lips are cold in death and my tongue silent in the grave, I know what it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of your ancestors, and all the gold I got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless, I do not wish my son to live a beggar. Therefore give heed to my only dying command, and if you disregard it, lay a father's dying curse upon you. You know the upper chamber of my house in Kiplerling. It is now locked up, and I have thrown the key into the sea. When you have lost both gold and land, when you have not a friend who will lend you a hauberk, and when you are actually suffering for a crust to appease your hunger, break the door open and you will find a certain relief, but if you open the door before that time, I say again may a father's curse cling to you."

With these words the old man fell back and expired.

The heir of Linn did not grieve long for his parent. He soon after threw open his house to all comers. His forests fell beneath the axe. His chimneys were always smoking, a hundred men sat daily at his board, and he bought him horses and hounds, and lent money without counting it, to his dissolute companions; he feasted, drank and gambled; as if he could not get rid of his substance in all these ways, he took no care of his affairs, but gave up the guidance of them to a bailiff or steward, named John of Seales, who was a knave and a notorious usurer. John cheated his master in various ways, and put more than half his rents into his own pocket.

At last what the Heir of Linn's father had foreseen came to pass. His money was all gone, and he had no means of keeping up his excesses except by selling his lands; but no one was rich enough to buy them except John of the Seales, and every one knew how he came by his money. The young Laird was desperately in want of cash to pay his gaming debts, and was moreover, heated with wine, when the unjust steward offered to buy his estate. It was a hard case, but after much discussion he agreed upon the bargain.

"Give me your gold, good John of Seales, and my lands shall be yours forever," said the heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the good red gold, and a hard bargain his master had of it. For every pound that John agreed, the land was worth three. The last money went like the first, and the Heir of Linn was a beggar. He first went to the house that had once been his own but now belonged to John of Seales, to seek some relief. He looked into the window of the great banquet hall, but there was no feasting going on in it. The fire was out and the dinner table taken away, and all was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry cheer," said the Heir of Linn.

John would not give him a penny, but told him to go to the friends he had spent so much money upon foolishly. He did so, but it did no good. Some pretended not to know him, and no one would lend him a farthing, or even offer him a dinner, so he wandered about forlorn and hungry for two days; for work he could not, and to beg was ashamed. At last in his extreme misery, he he thought of his father's dying words, "I have not sold the house in Kiplerling yet," said he, "for no one would buy it. I will go and break open the upper chamber. My father said I would find relief there, and perhaps he meant treasure. If it should prove so I will be a wiser man than I was, and not waste it on knaves."

\*\*\* To the house then he went and broke the chamber door open. He found relief, indeed. There was nothing in the room except a high stool, and directly over it a halter dangling from a hook in the ceiling. He looked up and read these words: "Ah graceless wretch and wanton fool! You are ruined forever. This is the only relief for those who have wasted their patrimony as you have done. Behold, then—put the halter round your neck, and jump from the stool and save your family the disgrace as a beggar."

"Very excellent counsel," said the Heir of Linn, "and as I must either hang or starve, I think I'll take my father's advice and hang. It is the shortest of the two."

So he mounted, fastened the halter round his neck, and kicked the stool from under him.

But the Heir of Linn was not to die so. The board into which the hook was driven gave way with his weight, and he fell on the floor with a shower of gold coin rattling about his ears. I will not say that he felt no pain in the neck the next day, but at that moment he certainly felt none. Joy rushed into his heart like a torrent at seeing himself rescued from death and beggary. The space between the ceiling and the roof contained an enormous treasure. On the upside of the board from which he thought to suspend himself, was fastened a letter addressed to him. He hastily tore it open and read as follows:

"My dear son, I know your character, and no exhortation or advice can wean you from the desperate course you are pursuing. Nothing but misery sharper than death can work the cure on you. If therefore, your misfortunes should be so grievous that you prefer death to their endurance, you will not rashly encounter them again. You have made the trial, take my gold, redeem your land and become a better man."

The Heir of Linn did not leave the spot without putting up a prayer to Heaven for the soul of a parent whose admirable wisdom he had discovered the means of raising him from beggary and despair to affluence, and of weaning him from the follies and vices which had so disgraced his character. To evince his gratitude, he resolved to amend his life from that day forward, and become all a father's heart could wish.

But he first thought he would make one more trial of the false friends on whom he had wasted his time, his substance and his character. He therefore kept his newly discovered wealth as a great secret, until he heard that John of Seales was to give a great entertainment, and that all the lords and ladies of Galway were to be there.

When the Heir of Linn entered his father's hall it was crowded with richly dressed gentry, but he was in beggar's rags. He appealed to the charity of the company, saying he was starving. To one he said, "You have dined at my table a thousand times—will you deny me the crumbs that fall from your own?" To another, "I gave you a fair steed and trappings;" to a third, "I lent you a thousand pounds and never asked you to repay me;" and so on to all the rest of the company. But instead of remembering his favors, they reviled him and called him a spendthrift beggar, and all manner of vile names. Some said it was a shame that such a wretched object should be suffered to come among them; and one to whom more than all the rest his purse had been open, called on the servant to thrust him out of doors.

But one man took his part. It was master Richard Lackland, a poor younger son of a wealthy gentleman. He stood up and said, "I never ate at the board of the Heir of Linn. I never rode his horse or shared his purse, or received favor of him to the value of a farthing. But what then? He was a worthy gentleman when he had the means. I have two gold nobles, and that is all I possess in the world, and there are six of them at the service of the man whose hand was never shut to the poor. And, as I am a gentleman, no man shall lay a finger on him while I wear a sword."

A glad man was the Heir of Linn to find one man worthy to be his friend. He took the six nobles and advanced towards John of Seales, who was standing at the end of the hall attired in gorgeous apparel.

"You at least," said the Heir of Linn, "ought to relieve my necessities, for you have grown rich upon my ruin, and I gave you a good bargain of my lands."

Then John of Seales began to revile him, and to declare he had given him much more for the lands than they were worth; for he did not like to be reminded of his extortion before so goodly a company.

"Nay," said he to the Heir of Linn, "if you will but return me half of what I paid for your father's estate, you shall have it back again."

"Perhaps I will find friends who will lend me the sum," said the Heir of Linn. "Therefore, give me a promise under your hand and seal, and I will see what can be done."

John of Seales knew that few people of the country had so much money, even if it were a common thing to lend money to a beggar, and he had just seen what reliance was to be placed on friends in such a case. He had not the least idea that the Heir of Linn would ever be the owner of the hundredth part of the sum. He therefore called for pen, ink and paper, and sat down before the company and wrote the promise, and right scoldingly gave it to his former master.

Then the Heir of Linn strode to the window and opened it, and took a bugle from a tattered garb-dine and blew it till the joists and rafters shook with the din. Presently a fair troop of servants rode up, well armed and mounted, leading a mule with them laden with treasure. They dismounted and brought the bags of gold into the hall.

"My father's land is my own again," cried the Heir of Linn, joyously; and before the company had recovered from their astonishment, he had counted down to John of Seales just the sum he had agreed to take. Then turning to his servants, he said: "Scourge me this viper out of the house of Linn with dog whips;" and it was immediately done.

The company crowded around him to congratulate him on receiving his patrimony, and exclaiming their own neglect and ingratitude. But he said to them:

"Cutlives, slaves, dogs, begone! Pollute the floor of my house no longer. If you enter my grounds again, I will have my servants loose the bounds upon you."

To master Lackland he said: "Come to my arms, come to my heart, my brother! Live in my home and share with the heir of Linn in all things."

And the Heir of Linn became another man and an ornament to his country and a blessing to his tenants.

## Inflammable Gas—a Curiosity.

There are numerous issues of inflammable gas on the farm of Mr. Michael Faulkner, in Brecksville, in this county. About an acre of the bottom lands of the Chippewa give forth the gas, the soil being exceedingly porous, and filled with cracks, from which the gas escapes. Place a common tin horn over one of these cracks, apply a match to the top, and a brilliant flame of yellowish appearance breaks forth, which will burn steadily for weeks. The proprietor made an excavation some twelve feet deep at one of the gas openings and hung in burning hay. Quite an explosion followed, the hay was scattered in the air, and a blaze issued several feet high. It continued to burn until the ground caved in and smothered the flames.

The ground from which the gas escapes never freezes, and nothing will grow upon it, although the soil is rich. The location is 14 miles from Cleveland, and has attracted many visitors to see earth burn. The existence of the gas has been known there for a dozen years or more, and the quantity escaping which is large, seems to be increasing rather than otherwise. Cannot Nature's gasometer be appropriated by man to some useful purpose?

[Cleveland Herald.]

## Immensity of the Universe.

Baron Jach, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the heavens. If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets, (leaving comets out of the calculation,) we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the known universe. As there are suns to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are eyes also to behold it, and beings whose nature in this one important particular, is analogous to our own. To form an idea of the infinitely small proportion which our earth bears to this vast aggregate of systems, let us suppose 8,000 blades of grass to grow upon a square yard, from which we find by calculation, that a meadow one mile long by two-thirds of a mile in breadth, will contain 10,000 millions of blades of grass. Let us then imagine such a meadow stretches out for a mile before us; and the proportion which a single blade of grass bears to the whole herbage on its surface, will express the relation which our earth bears to the known universe!

But even this is exclusive, probably, of millions of suns, 'bosomed' in the unknown depths of space, and placed forever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of their creation.